Procol Harum – Whiter Shade of Pale (1967)

We skipped a light fandango,
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor.
I was feeling kind of seasick,
But the crowd called out for more.
The room was humming harder,
As the ceiling flew away.
When we called out for another drink,
The waiter brought a tray.
And so it was that later,
As the miller told his tale,
That her face at first just ghostly,
Turned a whiter shade of pale.

He said there is no reason,
And the truth is plain to see
That I wandered through my playing cards,
And would not let her be
One of sixteen vestal virgins
Who were leaving for the coast.
And although my eyes were open,
They might just as well have been closed.
And so it was later,
As the miller told his tale,
That her face at first just ghostly,
Turned a whiter shade of pale.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_BADDeIQWVQ

Vocabulary:

fandango: a lively Spanish or Spanish-American dance

cartwheel: a rotating lateral handspring with arms and legs extended

miller: someone who operates a mill, specifically one that grinds grain into flour

vestal virgin: a virgin consecrated to the Roman goddess Vesta